THE MUGWUMP.

[The following poem was read at the Carl Schurz banquet in Boston, Saturday night, before the Massachusetts Reform Club, by Dr. William Everett:]

The mugwump is an eastern bird,
With plumes of gorgeous hue;
His crest is red, his bosom white,
His wings celestial blue;
And sparkling through those tints are seen
Resplendent stars of argent sheen.

The mugwump's note is high and clear
As nightingale or lark;
He sings when morning streaks appear
Just breaking through the dark.
O'er crows that croak and cocks that crow,
His upper C remains so.

The mugwump's claws are hooked and long,
His bill is short but keen;
His wings swoop onward, swift and strong,
His tail steers broad between,
And gazing on the sun he flies
To meet the eagle in the skies.

The mugwump flies at first alone,
Then two and three combine,
Then scores and hundreds troop to form
A long-extended line;
Then thousands ranked in serried wedge
Cut through their foes with trenchant edge.

From age to age some mugwump flock
Has made the nations thrill;
One perched of yore on Plymouth rock,
One lit on Bunker Hill,
And thick and fast along the Rhine
The mugwumps flew in '49.

But still this royal bird is rare,
And grows in wondrous ways;
Not seen, but when with ancient rust
Some party old decays;
From whose dry bones 'tis fated then
A patriot brood be born again.

Whate'er the party yet contains
Unstained and living still,
Is gathered from the dead remains
In many a mugwump's bill;
And wrapped in spices, sweet and dense,
Is molded to an egg immense.

Then on the mugwump's back 'tis borne
When blow the chill Novembers,
And laid, in spite of scoff and scorn,
Where glow election embers.
Then hollowing in its orb their nest,
The mugwumps lay them down to rest.

The embers glow; the breezes rise.
The party organs roar;
The priests pile up the sacrifice,
The rich libation pour;
Till bursts o'er all the land a blaze—
The bonfire of election days.

It fades; when lo! new light breaks forth,
New notes of joy are heard;
Out from the dull and dying pile
Springs up a gorgeous bird.
Crest, bill, and claw, wing, tail, and leg,
Hatched from the mugwump's spicy egg.

The phoenix party! See it fly
Above all bygone strife!
Still gathering, as it sweeps the sky,
The Nation's youth and life.
Whate'er its name, its soul shall be
The mugwump's spirit, bold and free.

DOLLY'S FLIRTATION.

I am Kitty, and Dolly is my sister. I was always sedate, mother used to say, but Dolly was giddy, and fond of flirting.

When we were seventeen Dolly became engaged, with her mother's consent, to Frank Wilmont, a young man of twenty four, son of a banker, free and cheery in manner and disposition. He was very indulgent to Dolly, for he felt so confident of her love, and was himself so sincere, that the admiration she exacted was his triumph. The freedom with which she received and encouraged it never pained him, though mother and I used to watch her with serious anxiety.

Sometimes our mother would say a few impressive words; then Dolly would throw her arms around her, and assure her she would be a better girl, or she would pout a little, with tears in her bright blue eyes. She would be very demure through two balls, at the third worse than ever; scarcely could Frank get one waltz for himself.

One evening he brought to our house a cousin of his, a barrister, a man some years older than himself. He was rather famous, though only thirty, being an acute lawyer, and he was, consequently, looked up to at the bar.

Dolly owned to me that evening that Frank had confided to her that I was Jack Dacre's ideal woman.

"Don't blush so angrily, my darling," said she, "for it would be the most delightful arrangement. He is Frank's ideal man and dearest friend. It would be the happiest thing for us all!" And Dolly gave me a hug and kiss and ran off to bed.

Mr. Dacre came very often after that one visit, and I soon found that he was my ideal man, for he strangely resembled my father, both in manners and chivalrous courtesy to women, as well as in appearance. It was with a chill at my heart that I was the first to make the discovery that he was falling in love with Dolly—he, the soul of honor, seemed bewitched by the charms of his bosom friend's affianced wife. I knew it before he did, but of course not before Dolly, who had a genius for unerringly detecting every symptom, however obscure, of dawning love, either in her own case or other's.

My mother and Frank were utterly blind to the danger. I was very unhappy and exceedingly sorry for Dolly, for Frank, for Mr. Dacre, and, I own it, for myself; for, though I had not fallen in love with Frank's cousin, I must say he was the only man I had seen whom I felt I could fall in love with.

But an accident brought matters to a climax.

We were sitting in the drawing-room after dinner one evening, when a noise in the street drew us to the window. The pole of a carriage had entered the shoulder of a cab horse. Dolly became ill and fainted at the sight, and Mr. Dacre, who was at her side, threw his arm around her to save her from falling. He led her to a sofa, and stood aside as Frank drew near; but from that night he never came any more. He and I only had seen the half-petulant way in which Dolly had turned from Frank, had caught another expression on her face, had seen her vivid blush.

From that evening she became cold, petulant, teasing to Frank. At first he laughed, then was hurt and finally the engagement was broken off.

As soon as Frank knew that all was over, he prevailed upon his father to send him to their branch house in India, where he expected to stay until after the probable marriage of Mr. Dacre and Dolly had taken place.

In a month later Dolly was affianced to Mr. Dacre, and the marriage was arranged to take place at the beginning of the long vacation. We were by this time convinced that it was the best thing that could happen. No one could see Dolly and doubt that this was the only man she loved. His calm, intense character impressed her, his great talent awed her, and her pretty, innocent pride in her manly lover, her meekness and quietness, were most promising symptons of happiness in her married life.

Dear mother was so supremely happy. I was very fond of my new brother; he was such a power for good and peace in our home that we had never been so contented before. Frank wrote freely to us manly, patient letters, full of unselfish interest in all around him. His sorrow had sweetened, not embittered his character. He had set himself to alleviate his anguish by doing good, and his first act on reaching his destination had been to use his keen commercial gifts for the welfare of the widow and children of an officer of the army, and, at the cost of time, talent and energy to rescue her small fortune from unsafe hands, and invest it profitably. His letters were filled with similar incidents, naturally and simply told, and our affection increased for this truly brave man.

Dolly's grandmother took it into her head that it was her grandchild's duty to pay her a farewell visit before marriage. Though, as she never troubled herself much about us, we were rather startled at this demand; we all thought it would be best to accept this invitation—for my sister was not looking well—and it was settled that she should go and spend a month with the old lady in her lovely north country home. Mr. Dacre was pressed to go as often as his professional engagements would permit; so Dolly left us in pretty good spirits, in charge of the elderly servant who was our substitute for a regular ladies' maid.

She wrote to tell us how she was enjoying the repose and beauty of the country. Mr. Dacre had managed to run down from Saturday till Monday at the end of the first week, and had of course made a great impression, but was afraid he could not come again—a long case was pending at Westminster. The letter which followed this I give in its entirety:

HIGHWOOD, July 20.—DEAREST KITTY: I hope you will get this in time to send my hat here instead of to grandmamma's. I am on a fortnight's visit to Lady Millicent North. Such a charming woman—a widow about twenty-eight years old. She persuaded Mrs. Lloyd to let her have me for a week or two; and, as her daughter-in-law, a confirmed invalid, was coming to spend just that time with her, my grandmother was glad to get me out of the way, I know. I can't write much, for the post leaves here at 8 o'clock, and we drop our letters in the hall-box as we go to dinner. I expect the gong every minute. The palace is lovely, and the new baronet—Sir Charles—is the dearest——The gong. Your own,

DOLLY.

I felt uneasy concerning this letter. I was sorry Dolly should have left her god-mother's quiet home just as she was sobering down and growing such a thoughtful little lova. It might unsettle her again to pass a fortnight in a country home with a fascinating baronet; and I knew Jack Dacre would never permit, never pardon, the smallest suspicion of flirting. He had pardoned her defection in Frank's case, but Frank himself had pleaded eloquently, saying that she was very young, so naturally affectionate. But mamma and I felt sure that not for an hour would he permit the slightest approach to disloyalty to his deep tenderness for his girlish betrothed. Neither her youth, her love of fun, nor her merry heart, would plead one atom in her favor; so I read this letter with a heavy heart. My answer was as follows:

DEAREST DOLLY—Your letter reached me in time to have the box sent to Highwood. You will receive it soon after this reaches you. Write very fully, for your letter was tantalizing. Sent me a full description of every one, for you have roused my curiosity; as to Sir Charles, who is "the dearest"—

The rest of my letter contained home news, and I need not transcribe it. But Dolly's answer I will transcribe:

"You ask me for a description of everybody, darling. Lady Millicent is very beautiful, very clever, and devotedly attached to this Sir Charles; but I feel sure her heart is buried in the grave of her devoted husband. I send her photograph, so need no words in describing her.

"Sir Charles is very fascinating, though I fear my description may not predispose you in his favor; but you beg me to be particular. He is short and stout, has a very fine head, but rather thin, light hair; fine eyes, good mouth, but not much of a nose—in fact, it is all tip—very nice hands and feet. He is, I believe, very talented, but does not employ his gifts; seldom talks, never reads, is a little fond of eating. In spite of these drawbacks he is very charming, and all the girls far and near make a great deal of him. Of course he is rich. He likes Lady Millicent to live in the house. She has complete influence over him."

I was much relieved after reading this letter. I felt so easy in my mind that I told Dolly how I had feared for her.

"But," I wrote, "of course you never could admire a fat little man, who never reads or talks, and with a nose all tip, and who cares for nothing but eating."

It turned out that the most unfortunate thing I could have done was to express my fears to my provoking sister. She answered me vehemently, declaring that Sir Charles was the most lovable fellow she had met for a long time, and really was so excited that I posted a letter to her at once.

"You distress me, Dolly. You know Mr. Dacre would never forgive you if he saw your letters. I hide them even from mother. Oh, pray do think before you madly risk the loss of his love, for that will follow the very hour he loses his high opionion of you."

This is how Dolly answered my tender appeal:

"What a lecturing little thing you are getting Kitty! I am very much attached to Sir Charles, and if Jack is ever so angry, I can't help it."

Thus flippantly the letter ran on.

I was really angry and distressed, but resolved to try no more lectures; they clearly made matters worse. So, the next time, I gave a full description of a day we had spent in court, hearing Mr. Dacre plead. I described his dignified appearance, his easy, graceful gestures—above all, I dwelt on the beauty of his nose.

Dolly answered.

"I am quite shocked at you, Kitty, to make such an idol of a man."

And then she continued, as usual, about Sir Charles.

Meanwhile, Mr. Dacre seemed quite happy, and said he had daily letters from Dolly as regularly as when she was with Mrs. Lloyd. Was my beloved sister growing deceitful?

Well, I could do nothing more. I resolved to say not another word about Sir Charles to any one else. I began to dislike the very sound of his name, or, rather, the sight of it; and, when Dolly declared I should like him as much as every one else did, I made up my mind that I hated him. I wrote one more tender appeal, which I said was my last.

Every Tuesday mother and I had Dolly's letters, but one day there was none by my breakfast plate as usual. Mother read hers.

"Dolly says she has written to you," she observed presently. "How can it be that you have not received?"

Mistakes of the postoffice are so rare we could but suppose she had omitted to post it. By the next delivery, however, I received a letter from Mr. Dacre containing an inclosure which turned out to be a letter to me from Dolly. A few lines from him ran thus:

DEAR KITTY: I had read too much of the inclosed before I discovered the mistake. If you receive a letter from Dolly before this reaches you, you will have discovered she has missent the letters. I shall run down to Highwood without loss of time.

I had not received any letters then, but by the second country delivery came one directed to Jack at once. The letter he had read began thus:

"All you say is useless, my darling. I love Sir Charles devotedly, and he has this day declared he loves me. You ask me does he know I am engaged? I told him a gentleman was coming to see me, but he seemed little concerned at this piece of information."

So far Mr. Dacre had read, and the mine was sprung.

I locked my room door and fell back despairing into an easy chair. I was resolved to hide all from my mother till Mr. Dacre had seen Dolly. I hunted up Bradshaw, and found that a train started about 4 o'clock that would convey me to Highwood by 7:50. If Dolly wrote to me at once I should get her letter by Thursday, but of course I should hear from Jack on Wednesday. I dreaded everything—every postman's knock. All day Wednesday passed, and no letter arrived from my sister and her lover.

On Thursday morning I ran down when I heard the usual welcome sound. On the table lay a thick letter addressed in Dolly's handwriting. I ran up to mamma and gave her the one I found inclosed in it for her. Then I sat down to read mine, after fortifying myself with a cup of coffee. I must give every word of it:

"You are well aware that a catastrophe has happened through my heedlessness. The best thing will be for me to describe fully the whole consequences of that misfortune. On our return from the garden party, on Tuesday, I found a telegram awaiting me from Jack—'Shall be with you by 7:55.' Of course this awoke no fears in my mind, for I knew Jack might run down at any moment the trains permit. Lady Millicent sent me off at once to be dressed by her artist maid. What she made of me you must have seen to believe, Kitty. I would not look at myself till the whole process was complete; and, when I glanced in the long glass I was really amazed at what I saw. It was the result, I now know, of many discussions between Lady Millicent and this gifted young person. You may imagine how I exulted in the thought that Jack would see me look as he had never seen me look before, for I am so improved in health that my whole appearance is changed. Well, the bell rang. Lady Millicent received Mr. Dacre in the morning room, and came to send me down at once.

"I ran down with my heart bounding. I entered the room. I noticed Jack give one start, but received me in such an un-Jack-like manner that I was terrified. 'Mamma—Kitty?' I cried. 'Quite well when I left them,' said Mr. Dacre; but when he pulled me in a chair and took one opposite me I felt matters were desperate. What is wrong?' I gasped. 'Dearess Jack, pray speak!' 'Only an address,' said he and put the unfortunate envelope in my hands. 'This contained a letter for your sister which I, perhaps fortunately, read before I perceived the mistake. I have just seventeen minutes before I leave for the return train, so if you wish to say anything, let me beg of you to speak at once.'

"I sank back in my chair and covered my face with my handkerchief, 'Will your hear my explanation?' I stammered. 'Needless; the letter can have but one meaning. I came to release you from your engagement with me. Did this scoundrel know you were engaged?' I covered my face again. To hear Sir Charles North called a scoundrel was too much for me; I did not speak for several minutes; but time was flying fast; and at length I said: 'If this is in truth our last meeting, grant me one favor? Say that you will, before I tell you what it is. Of course it is a reasonable, honorable request that I wish to make, but I own it is one you will not like to grant.' He paused a moment and then said, 'I will do whatever you like.' 'I ask you to see Sir Charles North.' He winced, but bowed silently. I left the room to see the Baronet. I found him in his room intently studying an immense book—but only the illustrations, I believe. I asked him to come with me to speak to a gentleman who was waiting to see him. He flatly refused. Time was rushing on. I knelt by him, implored him. At last I kissed him, and he yielded.

"Taking my hand in a firm clasp, he descended with me to the room where I had left Mr. Dacre. Jack stood moody and stern, pale as ashes, where I had left him. We entered. I led Sir Charles toward him. 'Mr. Dacre,' said I, 'let me present you to Sir Charles North, baronet.' Jack started, paused, seized Sir Charles in his strong arms, and—threw him out of the window?—no, kissed him! For this 'scoundrel,' this 'fat, greedy, idle little man' is the dear little son of Lady Millicent, aged just two years. Now you see, Miss Kitty, you had better have had a little faith in your sister for once. You put all this into my head and I could not resist the joke; but it shall by my last, for never more do I wish to see such a look of pain in the face I loved best in all the world.

"Jack did not go back by the return train, though he was obliged to leave early this morning; but I do not think I can be away from him one day over a month. Lady Milicent says you must come to take my place. She will write and ask mamma. You will soon be as madly in love with Sir Charles."

And so it proved. I went to stay with Lady Millicent, and of all the darling, quaint, noble, chubby little pets I had seen Sir Charles was the king. At the end of the year Frank returned in time for Christmas. He did not go back to India; he settled in England. He and I were married about six months after Dolly.

We both lived in a lovely part of Kent. Dollie's husband pets and loves her devoutly. My husband adds to all his love a delicate, tender homage, infinitely precious to me.

"Kitty, dearest," my mother once said to me," you and I have tasted the fullest earthld happiness: we both know that reverence is the perfectly priceless jewel in love's crown; but we must earn it."

A brave Eton boy spends as much time with us as his mother can bear to spare him, and the most welcome guest in Jack Dacre's home is Sir Charles North, baronet.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

From the Southland came a songbird,
Flying in the golden Springtime,
Soaring on the clouds at morning.
Singing to the sun at noontime,
Chanting to the stars at even;
Sang he loud with joy exultant,
Sang he low for love of God.

Ah! thou hapless little songbird,
Where are now thy songs of Springtime?
Where are now thy flights at dawning?
Throbs thy heart no more at noontime;
Chantest thou no more at even;
Hushed and dead thy song exultant.
Ah! the pathless ways of God.

—The Curren

Professional Etiquette

prevents some doctors from advertising their skill, but we are bound by no such conventional rules, and think that if we make a discovery that is of benefit to our fellows, we ought to spread the fact to the whole land. Therefore we cause to be published throughout the land the fact that Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the best known remedy for consumption (scrofula of the lungs) and kindred diseases. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption, with unsurpassed means of treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Columbus, S. C., Register says:

What is to become of us? With the morphine habit making a host of liars; the quinine habit a ghostly band of nerveless would-be suicides; the tobacco habit giving us a tendency to cancer and what not; the whisky habit taking people by crooked ways to early graves; the money habit filling the country with avaricious speculators, thieves and bank robbers; the office-seeking habit turning honest people away from honest work to getting an office, it does seem we are generally in a bad way.

"The Dyspeptic's Refuge"

"I am thirty-five years old," writes Mr. Charles H. Watts, of West Somers, Putnam County, New York, "and had suffered from dyspepsia for fifteen years. The current treatment did me no good. Listlessly and without hope I gave Parker's Tonic a trial. I can give the result in three words: It cured me." It will cure you.

A STORY OF JEFFERSON.

How Charley Morgan Became a Commodore.

["Carp" in Cleveland Leader.]

Colonel Wintersmith, of Kentucky, told the following good story of Thomas Jefferson at the Ebbitt House last night. I do not think it has ever been published.

Said he: "One day when Thomas Jefferson was riding through Virginia on his way from Washington to Monticello, he came upon a boy trudging along with his clothes in a satchel, which hung on a stick from his shoulder. He stopped his gig, and asked the youth if he did not want to ride. The young man looked at him a moment in a bold way, and finally said yes. He was motioned to get in, and in a moment he was sitting by the side of the President, who opened the conversation by asking him who he was, and where he was going. He replied that his name was Morgan, and that he was going home from school, and continued by putting the same question to the President, saying: 'I beg your pardon, stranger, but what might your name be?'

"The President replied: 'My name is Thomas Jefferson.'

"The boy looked up astonished, and asked, 'Not Tom Jefferson, President of the United States?'

"'Yes,' replied Jefferson, and as he did so the boy jumped from the gig and into the road, saying, 'I have heard of you, Tom Jefferson. My father says you are a rascal, and wouldn't he thrash me if he caught me a ridin' with you. Father knows you, and he thinks you are the biggest scoundrel in the country.'

"'No, he doesn't,' replied the President, 'I know him very well. We are good friends personally, though not politically. He won't care if you ride with me. I am not a bad fellow; get in.' Still the young man refused to get in. He reiterated the statement that he believed Jefferson to be a rascal, but finally was persuaded, and again took his seat in the gig.

"During the conversation which followed Jefferson succeeded in making a friend of him, and on parting told him that if he would come to Washington he would give him an office to prove to him that he was his friend. 'No, you won't,' said the boy. 'You will forget me.' 'No, I will not,' answered Jefferson, and with that the two parted.

"Some months afterward young Morgan, becoming disgusted with things about home, concluded to run off and go to Washington after his office. He stole out one night with his clothes in a bundle on a stick over his shoulder and walked to Washington. When he got to the city—it was nothing but a muddy village then—he was covered with dust, and his boots were the color of clay. He went, however, just as he was, up to the White House, and, finding the door open, walked boldly into a room where he saw Jefferson writing, bending over a table. He went up to him and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said: 'Hello, Tom Jefferson, I've come after that office!' The President looked up, but could not remember the boy. Noting his amazed look, young Morgan continued: 'There, I told you you would not remember me when I came here.' Jefferson replied that his face was familliar, and on Morgan telling who he was, the President greeted him kindly and asked him to be seated. He then called a servant and sent the boy off to be brushed up, asking him if he had another suit of clothes, to which he replied he had. He was then given a room in the White House, and the President told him to look about a few days and see what kind of an office he wanted. This young Morgan did, and at the end of the first day told Jefferson he would take a colonelcy in the army.

"President Jefferson laughed, and told him that the colonels were always old men. He must take something else, but not to be in a hurry, to look around and see the city. He then sent a midshipman with him to make things pleasant for him, and in a day or two young Morgan decided that he would rather be a midshipman than anything else. Jefferson at once gave him the appointment, and he went on a ship immediately. He made a splendid naval officer, and he died a Commodore."

Mrs. Garfield's Fortune.

[Washington Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The recent reports concerning Mrs. Garfield's endowment of the Garfield Hospital, and other gossip about the widow of the Martyr President, have created some curiosity about the lady's financial condition. An intimate friend of Mrs. Garfield, residing in this city, gives the following description of her estate: The subscription raised through the instrumentality of Cyrus W. Field aggregated, when invested in Government bonds, about $312,000. General Garfield's life was insured for $50,000, the payment of which the companies, for the sake of the extended advertisement it would give them, if for no other purpose, promptly made. Congress also voted her the remnant of the salary which would have been due General Garfield for the first year of service as President, which amounted to $40 000. The little estate which Garfield left aggregates some $30,000. This was all that he had been able to accumulate after a life of unusual activity. This makes her total estate, in round numbers, about $450,000 in money well invested. From this an income of probably $16,000 is derived. In addition to that she has from Congress an annual pension of $5,000, which is now voted to the widows of all ex-Presidents.

Facts for Tourists and Emigrants.

Whether for the tourist, bent on pleasure or business, or the emigrant seeking a far western home, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best protector against the hurtful influences of climatic changes or malaria, the most reliable medicine for general use he can possibly carry with him. It nullifies the effect of sudden changes of temperature, braces the system against the enfeebling influence of excessive heat, prevents injurious consequences from a change of diet or of using bad food or water, is a fine resuscitant of physical energy diminished by the fatigue of traveling, and tends to counteract the effects of exposure in rough weather. It is much and serviceably used by mariners and others whose out-door life and arduous labor expose them unusually. It is, moreover, of great service as a preventive and curative of disorder of the stomach, liver, bowels, and as a general tonic.

GENERAL BUTLER, when a young man, in addressing a Court, made many allusions to English law, when he was interrupted by the venerable Judge with these words, delivered in a very emphatic tone and manner: "Young man, don't you talk to me about English law. I knew all about it years and years before you were born. You take your seat, sir!" He did, but his pride was wounded, and it is reported that the young advocate burst into tears.

Either the climate of the county or the peculiar habits of the Americans are conducive to some influence which impoverishes and vitiates the blood, leading to a derangement of the system favorable to the exhibition of diseases of this nervous, weakness or dyspetic class. The liver and kidneys sympathize and those diseases which must eventually prove fatal set in. Mishler's Herb Bitters go at once to the principle by purifying the blood, eliminating all forms of possible disease and placing the whole body in harmony.